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BLOOMFIELD, N. J., IDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1875.

THE IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

WHOLE NO. 154

The Bloomfield Record.

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y patrons. Orders addressed to me (Box 129, P. O.), will be

Banks and Insurance

The Marriage Knot. I know a bright and beauteous May, Who knows I love her well;

I cannot make her tell. She sings the songs I write for her, Of tender hearts betrayed ; But not the one that I prefer, About a country maid. The hour when I its burden hear Will never be forget:

"Oh, stay not long! but come, my dear, And knit our marriage knot !" It is about a country maid-I see her in my mind;

She is not of her love afraid. And cannot be unkind. She knits and sings with many a sigh, And, as her needles glide, She wishes and she wonders why He is not by her side.

"He promised he would meet me here Upon this very spot : Oh, stay not long ! but come, my dear, And knit our marriage knot!" My lady will not sing the song. "Why not?" I say. And she,

Tossing her head, "It is too long. And I, "Too short, may be." She has her little willful ways; But I persist, and then, "It is not maidenly," she says, "For maids to sigh for men. "But men must sigh for maids, I fear I know it is my lot, Until you whisper, 'Come, my dear,

And knit our marriage knot !" Why is my little one so coy? Why does she use me so? I'm not a fond and foolish boy To lightly come and go. A man who loves, I know my heart. For, certes, I will not depart Until she sings my song !

She learned it well, as you shall hear, No word has she forgot : Begin, my dearest." "Come, my dear, And knit our marriage knot !" -R. H. Stoddard, in Scribner for January.

FATE as a ROMANCER

A PRISON STORY.

Once inside the stone prison Mr. melancholy of it awed him. There were in a razor, I want to shave myself. Will half a score of meanly-clad women stand- you do that?" ing at the iron railing. Some of them had baskets. All of them were deferen- will not." side of the wicket and jibed them.
"What's your case?" he said, looking up at Mr. Sprinkler. "No wisitors to-

it, grunted, and called somebody by the name of Barney. "Here, let this genround upon the people a moment. It with me." seemed to him then that there was an adage over the warden's head, cut into she'd die. We must get you out before leaves everything valuable behind." she knows it."

human misery as abstractions. The con- like a baffled beast.

Barney took in his long coat, his silk I love her." hat, his spic-span linen and his wonderto where the sky should be, but the dirty white ceiling is, he saw the iron balconies running all the way round each story, and connec ed in the middle of the gulf by a slender bridge. He seemed to be standing between two cliffs that woman far about it to try."

I copline. Don't go and think I'm so most trivial things with a childish joy.

But destiny, who w ites stories, does not write them as we do. I sometimes with a childish joy.

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But destiny, who w ites stories does not write them as had been burrowed into by some strange up with a puzzled face. the holes like mud-swallows, when they man right, have you?" were not crouching in a stealthy way after a moment's pause. "No, no; upon the narrow ledges of the balcony. fiendishly." Strange community this to Mr. Sprinkler, and just at this time especially made of." strange, for the vermin were let out and | "Oh, don't I!"

of feet for an instant. "Fifteen minutes is all you've got," said he. Then he was gone.

The man on the bed turned over sluggishly as Mr. Sprinkler stood there. He lifted the locks of brown hair that were matted over his face by his wallowing, and, seeing his visitor, sprang lowing, and, seeing his visitor, sprang lowing and, seeing his visitor, sprang lowing and specific with the standard over her eyes and month whom I have hitherto neglect with the standard tipsy and the standard the tone of your voice, for he said the tones of your voice, and Mary, rather than have him may the truth, pulled him into a doo by with the excuse that the will return a reformed there was a turbance, and stood there whom I have hitherto neglect with the standard tipsy and tipsy and tipsy and tipsy and tipsy and tipsy and the tones of your voice, for he said the tones of your voice, and the tones of your voice, for he said the tones of your voice, and the tone of your voice, for he said the tones of your voice, for he said the tones of your voice, and the tones of your voice, for he said the tones of your voice, and the tones of your voice, for he said the tones of your voice, and the tones of your voice, and the tones of your voice, for he said the tones of your voice, and the tones of your voice, and the tones of your voice, and the the said the tones of your voice, and your lowing, and, seeing his visitor, sprang up, still holding with one hand in a clutch of painful astonishment to the unkempt hair.

"You here!" he said, in a hoarse, low tone. "My God, what next!"
Mr. Sprinkler held his silk hat in his hand. He had taken it off mechanically when he came in. He turned it over once or twice and said : "Yes." Obviously his motive in coming was a good one, for he was excessively modest as Then she well as excessively nervous. "Frank," said he, "I heard by the merest accident that it was you. I could do no less than

Frank patted his forehead a moment with his hand as if to collect himself. It was a white, delicate hand, and now that the hair was off his face one could see that that too was handsome and delicate. Indeed the attire and manner of

planned. You, who always hated me, as you had a right to do, never had half the right to do it that you have now. What else do you want to know? Do you want me to tell you how much I nate you? I can't do it. There are no

Sprinkler felt inclined to give up his and went and shook the iron door, ob and go back home. He looked "Stop," said he. "You want to do me down the gloomy corridor, and the damp a service? I'll try you. Smuggle me

tial and sullen, for they were afraid of "I thought so. It's your old moral Warden Quinn, who sat on the other game. Bah! Look here. I'll go crazy "No, certainly not," said Mr. Sprink- go

day." Mr. Sprinkler handed him a ler, sitting down on the edge of the piece of paper. The warden looked at bed. "Because you are a hypocrite, sneaking cur, who always beat me with tleman into No. 40. If you got any. your goodness, and now want to triumph thing waluable about yer, you'd better over me with it. See here; I'm as bad leave it here." Mr. Sprinkler looked as a creature can be. Don't meddle job, and I may break down. Would you

Then he followed Barney without saying The prisoner came close to his visitor word. They crossed the courtyard with one sudden step, and pushing Mr. walled in by those gray stones. Over in one corner stood the dismantled gallows. laid on his friend's forehead, looked He looked up at the windows of the down into the mild face with a fierce, prison and drew an audible breath, for questioning stare. There was nothing all this was new to Mr. Sprinkler. It is to see there but a pair of serene blue one thing to read of the Tombs every eyes, with not a shadow in them. They day in the newspaper and feel that it is looked back at him with the serenity of a sort of granite bulwark between your a cloudless firmament. Men sometimes own comfort and the sullen and angry shake their fists at heaven with impotent

crete thing disguises itself under their "Old fellow," said Mr. Sprinkler, it. The whole world wore a new joyous-very eyes. Such a person was Mr. "You were right when you said I love ness. It was like the zest of convales-Sprinkler. Curiosity would never have led him into this abominable stone sty, she loves you. The only difference is himself had shown him his own worst that I'm willing to give her up because enemy. There's nothing like being con-

ing face with a careless quickness, without looking up. Mr. Sprinkler rected. The bright day seemed to typify his great new chances. All the minutize the tall, narrow parallelogram. Two "You've had more chances than I of the city life had a new happiness in thick walls face each other twenty-five have, old fellow, but I've had more dis- it, and his awakened senses took in the feet apart. Looking up between them cipline. Don't go and think I'm so most trivial things with a childish joy.

form of human vermin. They lived in "You haven't treated her and the old

the man must have indicated to Mr. Sprinkler, even if he had not been in possession of the facts, that the prisoner had been caught up suddenly by disaster out of some kind of luxury and hurled here.

"Well, you are here," he said, with an intense bitterness. "Take it all in. What do you want me to tell you that will add to your enjoyment of it? Did I do it? Yes! I'd do it again! Was it done in a passion? No. Deliberately planned. You, who always hated me,

"You?"

"Yes; bu you've got to help me."

"No; but a surprise. I found him standing in front of her tombstone, glaring at the inscription is something that remains a mystery to me to this day."

"What was it!"

"What was it!"

"It was this":

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime I care no longer, being all unblest.

Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time And I desire to rest.

Go by, go by.

"Yes! I'd do it again! Was it the style of tagel for her. I guess you'd better let me sot in prison."

"You?"

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Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time And I desire to rest.

Go by, go by.

"World."

far away."

crisp air. He could not get enough of prety.

fined with yourself to punish your foes. Frank swayed his body and groaned His heart beat nimbly. He was resur-

that

"Well, go on," said Frank, looking myth a puzzled face.

"You haven't treated her and the old many ingth, have prof!"

After a moment's pause. "No, no; fendishly."

"But you don't know what stuff she's made of."

"But you flort know what stuff she's made of."

"On. She saw you two weeks ago."

"Saw me I impossible."

"True. Wait ill I tell you. I was the river to see them. You hadn't viritten for three months. Your randfather came out to the gate to me. The flort was bessed to me. The flort was observed and where the first was bessed to me. The flort was bessed to was bessed to me. The flort was bessed to was bessed to me. The flort was bessed to me. The flort was bessed to was bessed to me. The flort was bessed to was bessed to was bessed to me. The flort was bessed to was bessed to

"No; morally. These things generally right themselves."
"Ah," I said, "now comes the poetic

words ""
Frank," replied Mr. Sprinkler, "I leave hated you, and now I want to help you."
"Suppose I won't be helped, elt "What then?"
"Then I shall help you, whether you will or not," said Mr. Sprinkler, mildly, looking at the same time at the top on his hat carmestly.

Frank glared at him a moment. Then he emitted an oath. "Go away," said he. "This is a dangerous farce. You don't know what you are talking about the not in the molecular in the quarreling with our lot. Gasette, writing of the Indiana female two feet, struck plenty of oil and sold it contortions, as near like the interesting and steadily for prison and the success in managing two feet, struck plenty of oil and sold it contortions, as near like the interesting that the other day they are possible by presented the day they are presented the

drops of laudanum, or one hundred tea-

ed Mrs. Smith for being firm in her re-

Some o M. Quad's Jokes. None There. -On a street corner two men met and shook hands and one of them asked:

"Is Tom very sick?"
"Almost dead," was the reply. "What's the form of his malady?" "He hasn't got any malady about him—it's just regular sickness, and it's going tough with him."

OIL AND OIL CITIES.

a third more carbon than ordinary gas. leaves of a book. One of them called own comfort and the sullen and angry tides that run round civilization. It is another thing to find destiny like an officer dragging you there and shutting up your hope and sympathy in a narrow cell and turning the key on them.

Some people only know of crime and Some people only know of crime and hyman misery as a large and shutters. Then, as he pulled the door open, he fusal. Mrs. Morris is now in good health, but the wrinkled, shriveled feature, the sunken eyes and the shattered and cleaned it is a superior illuminator to the gas used in New York or Philaten and in her youth, it is said, was very the could not get them and leaves of a book. One of them called the door open, he fusal. Mrs. Morris is now in good health, but the wrinkled, shriveled feature, the sunken eyes and the shattered and cleaned it is a superior illuminator to the gas used in New York or Philaten and in her youth, it is said, was very the could not get to get to get to get them and look. One of them called the door open, he fusal. Mrs. Morris is now in good health, but the wrinkled, shriveled feature, the sunken eyes and the shattered mind, show how thoroughly disease got in its work. She has been well educated and in her youth, it is said, was very order to get burgh are now "bearing" the gas in gan: "Tien, shang, wow, engisin, tong, order to get po session of the wells. chow, vong," and looking at the mast

This natural gas is being used everywhere. Mr. W. L. Scott and Mr. B. F.
Tracy of Erie use four thousand cubic feet daily in their rolling mills. In Westmoreland county I saw them boiling salt with it. At New Cumberland an and said: "They found a big tree old man is making a fortune by burning it in smothered wire frames, so as to produce lampblack. Every morning he goes into his several rooms and shovels neath the bottom, and pushed her into out a wagon load of pure lampblack. Ar-rangements are now being made by a gas

Banks and Justicante.

No. She may you two weeks ago.

**No. S

six-inch pipe I could pipe gas to Et I am satisfied that the engineer who has laid 1,700 miles of pipe lines in the oil regions knows what he is talking

Nantacket Captain Talks Chinese,

is dog. Wby don't you kick me and drops of landanum, or one hundred feet—but all the wells now adopted that, "observed ". Dogs don't cry like that," observed ". Sprinkler, innocently. "When the properties of the search of the



